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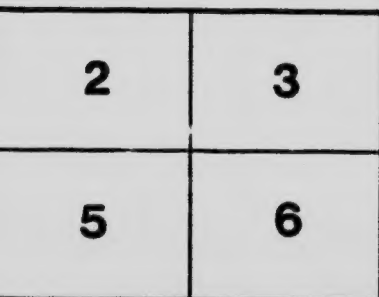
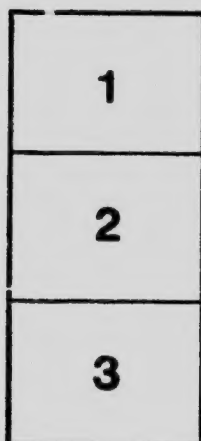
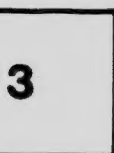
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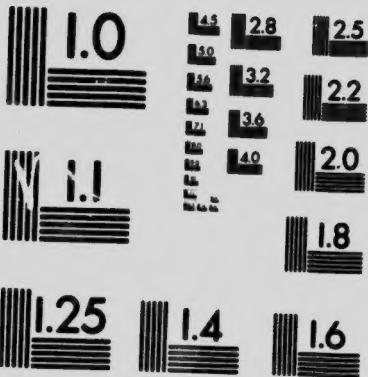
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The Inside of the Cup

UNITED CHURCH
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BY

! EV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.
Pastor Central Congregational Church
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Published through the kindness of
MR. THOMAS WILSON

"The Inside of the Cup."

Text—Matt: 23, 25.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

We are apt to forget this this is a reading age. The librarian of the Carnegie Library has a congregation which is all his own. Men and women are indulging in the luxury of the printed page. Modern thought is dressed in the black and white of ink and paper tissue and touched off with illustrations which are consecrated by artistic geniuses to catch the eye and captivate the mind. It is easier to read than to worship. The rocking chair is in competition with the pew. The rattle of the printing press is drowning the preacher's voice. We have learned to read.

But religion need suffer no great loss because men prefer the sitting room to the sanctuary. Reading stimulates thought; and the most fascinating forms of literature have to do with the spiritual realm. The greatest books have always been religious books. The motor power and the master force of the world is spiritual. We are spiritual creatures and therefore persist in mental experiments which touch the great questions of God, immortality and the soul. We would turn society into a harem and the world into one vast banquetting hall if we could shut God out—but we cannot.

The novel of the hour is Winston Churchill's book: "The Inside of the Cup." There are two Winston Churchills. Winston Churchill, the American novelist, and Winston Churchill, the English statesman, who is also a writer of fiction. These two literary experts are fixed stars in the realm of modern literature.

"The Inside of the Cup" ranks among the great religious novels of the past quarter of a century. It has struck fire as its feet touched the earth. One cannot but compare this book with Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere" which startled the world a generation ago.

"The Inside of the Cup" is a volume which deals with very important problems and questions touching the church and pulpit—"Of what use is the church?" "Shall we change our creeds and customs?" "Has the child, just born, a fair chance?" "Ought we

all to turn Socialists?" "What shall we do with our divorce laws?" "Shall the church accept tainted money?" "Should one man be permitted to dominate a church?" "Should a preacher resign when he finds his convictions differing from the creed of his church?" "Is our present competitive system of commerce, Christian?"—evidently the novel is becoming something more than a love story or a beautiful romance.

In this book are many quotable phrases—such as—"fatty degeneration of the soul"—"people do not know their own religion when they hear it preached"—"there will be no Socialism until there is no need for Socialism"—"the doctrine of the brotherhood of man is pure nitro-glycerine." All the vital theological and social questions of the hour are handled without gloves. Concerning these the author has vital convictions of his own. Evidently his reading has been broad and his thinking profound. His book is a great sermon. The "application" strikes like lightning hither, thither and you.

John Hodder is the hero of the novel. His character is as granite like as his name is plain and pronounceable. John Hodder is a young Episcopalian divine, called from the rocky hills of New Hampshire to one of the largest Episcopalian (Anglican) churches, located in a down town district, in a thriving city, in one of the western states of the American Republic. It is a modern church, with a wealthy membership, possessing a splendid ecclesiastical edifice, centrally located, and surrounded by a surging sea of human life and inhuman conditions and circumstances. The rector of St. John's church—John Hodder—is the hero.

The demand that a preacher shall "mind his own business" is dealt with in a splendid fashion. John Hodder, as a growing Theologian, begins as a conservative and ends as a liberal, with constructive proclivities. The expansion of his brain, broadens his heart and revolutionizes his pulpit utterances; much to the chagrin of certain ecclesiastical lords and "worthy" church officials, who have no doubt concerning the doctrine of "the virgin birth" and no hesitation in profiting by conditions which make possible the horrible tragedies of the white slave trade. The preacher gets his eyes open and cannot keep his lips closed.

The story is largely concerned with the brave young preacher's attempt to free his church from the tyranny of certain rich men who have turned their religious beliefs into a business convenience—among these the most conspicuous is Eldon Parr, who is successful, unscrupulous, cold blooded, determined, self centred, of iron will and cruel in thought and method. The pic-

ture of the monster magnate is pathetic in the extreme. Bereaved of his wife, disgraced by his son, forsaken by daughter—alone in the world. Clear as an icicle in his thinking, cold as an iceberg in his cogitations, self centred in all his thoughts, is—Eldon Parr.

The two outstanding characters of the book, aside from the hero, John Hodder and Alison Parr, the millionaire's daughter, who finally becomes "Mrs. Hodder," are, Eldon Parr and Horace Bentley. These two masculine characters stand in striking contrast. Eldon Parr, the master of millions. Horace Bentley, the master of hearts. Both are members of the same church until the millionaire drives the philanthropist out.

Eldon Parr, the king of commerce, the grand monarch of finance, the Lorenzo of commercialism, the Napoleon of capital combines, the official heavy weight in church and community—the living incarnation of everything which is ungodly and anti-christian. And dear old Mr. Bentley, of whom it was said that "he had only to enter a street car in order to turn it into a prayer meeting." Here we have in contrast, strong and striking, the nadir and zenith of moral character and social conduct.

Winston Churchill has brought the modern church before the judgment bar of public opinion. Eldon Parr is a church official who has "gathered in" twenty-five millions (to give but one episode from his questionable career) out of a deal by which multitudes have been ruined. Because he was an official in the church, because he walked the aisles of St. John's church on the Sabbath day in an official capacity, because he had been honored as one of its vestrymen, because he was a recognized leader in affairs spiritual and ecclesiastical, therefore, scores had pinned their faith to this modern wizard of finance only to discover, in the hour of commercial crisis and crash, that they had lost their all—while Eldon Parr has skillfully "stood from under."

There are other members of St. John's church, who are questionable in their business methods. Professed Christians who own grim tenements, rent their houses for brothels, profit by the underpaid work of children, deal out starvation wages to adults, profit by unjust and unfair politics, grow rich by the proceeds of vice, and, evading the law, reap millions. But all of these are alike in one particular—they are all "sound," "orthodox" and reliable in their religious views. They all believe in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and stand pat on the theory of the Virgin Birth.

The pivotal point is reached when the millionaire-saint proposes to build a large settlement house, "for the poor," in connection with St. John's church. The young rector has sacrificed a summer's sail over the sea, as the guest of Eldon Parr, and devoted the months of his mid-year vacation studying the social conditions immediately surrounding the church over which he has been appointed overseer and spiritual guide. In his perambulations he has learned a fact or two concerning the business methods of his leading church officials and added somewhat to his stock of information concerning the peculiar needs of the people who throng the streets adjacent to the venerable pile of ecclesiastical architecture known as "St. John's church."

When Eldon Parr approaches, once again, his favorite scheme of erecting a settlement house for the destitute and needy, there are two present, John Hodder and the millionaire's daughter—Alison Parr. The scene is in the dining hall of the great mansion. The light of a magnificent electric chandelier falls softly on snow white linen, cut glass and gleaming silver. It is upon this occasion that the daughter of the millionaire, who happens to be home on a brief visit, addresses to her father, a striking sentence, which forms one of the most striking paragraphs to be found in the whole book: "Your true creed is the survival of the fittest. You grind these people down into what is really an economic slavery and dependence, and then you insult and degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement house, and give their children crackers and milk and kindergartens and sunlight! I don't blame them for not becoming Christians on that basis. Why, the very day I left New York a man over eighty, who had been swindled out of all he had, rather than go to one of those Christian institutions deliberately forged a check and demanded to be sent to the penitentiary. He said he could live and die there with some self-respect."

Such language and such courage reminds us of the timely affirmation of Shailer Matthews: "The world will never be saved by tact." Somebody must speak. Somebody must endure. Somebody must dare. There is that in mere wealth, success and power which tends to create an empty, shallow and superficial regard which rests not on truth, character or righteousness. Why stand on ceremony? Speak out! The hour demands it!

The book deals with the present un-Christian economic system with which the church is, as a whole, in too close sympathy and which must inevitably pass away.

The commercialization of the church by and through the man who contributes in order that he may control, is a vital problem. "The church must make herself unmistakably independent of financial control." Character, not cash; manhood not money; sincerity not silver; godliness, not gold; principles, not possessions; worth, not birth—these are the qualities that must be inwrought in the character of the man who shall be held forth to the world as the personification of Christian character and doctrinal virtues.

The question of property is considered. The author believes that before long no progressive government will allow the holding of property in such a way as to give one man the power over another man's life. Human nature is being ground to powder beneath and betwix the grinding wheels of an un-Christian and Godless commercialism. Its supply and demand and—who cares? It's profit and loss and—who cares? It's stocks and dividends and—who cares? It's the investor and the invested and—who cares? What a cold world is this for the man who has no cash, no credit and no work! And—who cares?

The odor of an unsavory social system cannot be purified by planting a social settlement centre here and there. The pauper cannot be saved by an extra dose of pauperism. Poverty cannot be remedied by the pious dope of scientific charity religiously assorted, civilly associated, and systematically applied. Institutionalism is a remedy which works from the outside in, and not from the ground up. The perfume of Christian charity is too strong for the nostrils of those who are fighting for a breath of nature's pure hydrogen—democracy of opportunity and equality in social relationships.

The work of the church is not to organize, but to vitalize; not to institutionalize, but to inspire. The work of the church is not to manufacture crutches, but to reveal the sources of life and health. It is not the business of the church to provide stretchers and sleeping planks for those who are weak of limb, but to re-issue the Master's command: "Take up thy bed and walk." Let us have more truth and less doctrine; more genuine association and less organized sociability; more social re-adjustment and less of settlement houses and social centres. Let us learn how to live and let live. What humanity needs is air, sunshine and love. Life ever craves for life.

Winston Churchill speaks as a prophet. The present social order must go. He seems to see the speedy coming of a new system of government, based, not on the power to acquire property, but on the equal right of every man, woman and child to a full measure of life.

This book is a challenge. Here is a book which the Christian church in America cannot afford to ignore. It deals with facts, and facts are eternally stubborn and divinely persistent. In this book the modern church is placed under the X rays, and foreign substances in the body ecclesiastical are revealed as to proportionate size and exact location.

The Bishop of Winchester, speaking before the church congress in England, held recently, remarked: "There was a time when it was enough for the church to point out 'the steep and thorny path to heaven,' but today the church must face the fierce problem of the world."

Lord Hugh Cecil, addressing his Anglican friends, remarks: "You never threw yourselves into a movement until the opportunity for doing good has almost passed; you never became democratic until democracy was powerful and established; and you never turned to social service until other great religious bodies had led the way."

Tid Bits From the Book.

The plague which has swept our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific—Prosperity.

• • •

"What is the Christian religion?" asked Sally's husband, George Bridges, who held a chair of history in the local flourishing university. "I've been trying to find out all my life."

• • •

Which is the more marvellous—that God can stop the earth and make the sun appear to stand still, or that he can construct a universe of untold millions of suns with planets and satellites, each moving in its orbit, according to law; a universe wherein every atom is true to a sovereign conception?

• • •

"Mr. Bentley doesn't bother his head about theology," said Sally. "He just lives."

• • •

"Gentlemen," said Eldon Parr, "we have to fulfil a grave responsibility to the parish, to the city, and to God. The matter of choosing a rector to-day, when clergymen are meddling with all sorts of affairs which do not concern them, is not so simple as it was twenty years ago. We have, at St. John's, always been orthodox and dignified, and I take it to be the sense of this vestry that we remain so. I conceive it our duty to find a man who

is neither too old nor too young, who will preach the faith as we received it, who is not sensational, and who does not mistake socialism for Christianity."

• • •

But to Mr. Parr, who was known to dislike publicity, were devoted pages in the Sunday newspapers, with photographs of the imposing front of his house in Park street, his altar and window in St. John's, the Parr building, and even his private car, Antonia.

• • •

"Gerald," asked Nelson Langmaid of his brother-in-law that night, after his sister and the girls had gone to bed, "are you sure that this young man's orthodox?"

"He's been here for over ten years, ever since he left the seminary, and he's never done or said anything radical yet," replied the mill owner of Bremerton. "If you don't want him, we'd be delighted to have him stay."

• • •

Orthodox though he were, there had been times when his humour had borne him upward toward higher truths, and he had once remarked that promising to love forever was like promising to become president of the United States. One might achieve it, but it was independent of the will.

• • •

And Hodder's eye, sweeping over the decorous congregation, grew to recognize certain landmarks: Eldon Parr, rigid at one end of his empty pew.

• • •

It might indeed have been said that Francis Ferguson cared for his own soul, as he cared for the rest of his property, and kept it carefully insured,—somewhat, perhaps, on the principle of Pascal's wager.

• • •

"I was much impressed," said Eldon Parr, "by what you said in your sermon today as to the need of insisting upon authority in religious matters, and I quite agree that we should have a chapel of some size at the settlement house for that reason. Those people need spiritual control. It's what the age needs. And when I think of some of the sermons printed in the newspapers today, and which are served up as Christianity, there is only one term to apply to them—they are criminally incendiary."

• • •

"I used to think, when I came back from Paris, that I was a Socialist," said Alison Parr, "and I went to a lot of their meetings in New York and to lectures. But after a while I saw there was something in Socialism that didn't appeal to me, something smothering—a forced co-operation that did not leave one free. I wanted to be

free, I've been striving all my life to be free," she exclaimed passionately, and was silent an instant, inspecting him. "Perhaps I owe you an apology for speaking as I did before a clergyman—especially before an honest one."

• • •

Said Horace Bentley: "I do not know what my testimony may be worth to you, my friend, but I give it freely. I sometimes think I have been peculiarly fortunate. But I have lived a great many years, and the older I get and the more I see of human nature the firmer has grown my conviction of its essential nobility and goodness."

• • •

"Say, you are innocent—ain't you! Did you ever go down to that store? Do you know what a floorwalker is? Did you ever see the cheap guys hanging around, and the young swells waiting to get a chance at the girls behind the counters? Why do you suppose so many of 'em take to the easy life? I'll put you next—because Ferguson don't pay 'em enough to live on. That's why. He makes 'em sign a paper, when he hires 'em, that they live at home, that they've got some place to eat and sleep, and they sign it all right. That's to square up Ferguson's conscience. But say, if you think a girl can support herself in this city and dress on what he pays, you've got another guess comin'."

• • •

"Well," she continued, "Ferguson pays a lot of money to keep that going, and gets his name in the papers. He hands over to the hospitals where some of us die—and it's all advertised. He forks out to the church. Now, I put it to you, why don't he sink some of that money where it belongs—in living wages? Because there's nothing in it for him—that's why."

• • •

It was Phil Goodrich who had said that Horace Bentley had only to get on a Tower street car to turn it into a church.

• • •

"I believe I am more interested in human beings than in anything else in the world—when they are natural, as these people are and when they will tell one their joys and their troubles and their opinions."

• • •

I was reading a book just the other day on the lack of nutrition on character. We are breeding a million degenerate citizens by starving them, to say nothing of the effect of disease and bad air, of the constant fear of poverty, that haunts the great majority of homes.

• • •

"You never do what you think you're going to do in this life."

"Say, did you ever get to a place where you just had to have something happen? When you couldn't stand bein' lonely night after night, when you went out on the streets and saw everybody on the way to a good time but you?"

• • •

"It's always been my luck," she went on reflectingly, "that when what I wanted to happen did happen, I never could take advantage of it."

• • •

He had insisted upon gazing at the universe through the colored glasses of an outworn theology, instead of using his own eyes.

• • •

"He never says anything about God, and you don't, but when he comes in here he seems like God to me. He's so peaceful—he makes me peaceful."

• • •

"We librarians are a sort of weather-vanes, if people only knew enough to consult us. We can hardly get a sufficient number of these new religious books—the good ones, I mean—to supply the demand. And the Lord knows what trash is devoured, from what the booksellers tell me. It reminds me of the days when this library was down on Fifth street years ago, and we could not supply enough Darwins and Huxleys and Spencers and popular science generally. That was an agnostic age. But now you'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men and women who come demanding books on religion—all sorts and conditions. They're beginning to miss it out of their lives: they want to know. If my opinion's worth anything, I should not hesitate to declare that we're on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen."

• • •

I think clergymen especially—if you will pardon me—are apt to forget that this is a reading age. That a great many people who used to get what instruction they had — ahem — from churches, for instance, now get it from books.

• • •

The librarian thrust a yellow hand towards the pile of books. "I little thought," he added dreamily, "when I renounced the ministry in so much sorrow that one day I should have a church of my own. This library is my church, and men and women of all creeds come here by the thousands. But you must pardon me. I have been carried away—I forgot myself."

• • •

The meaning of life is to find one's Cause, to lose one's self in it.

• • •

"Once you have made your ideas your own," she mused, "you will have the power of convincing people."

"The test of any doctrine is whether it can be translated into life, whether it will make any difference to the individual who accepts it."

• • •

It is through the subconscious self that every man is potentially divine.

• • •

"The big Baptist church on the Boulevard is run by old Sedges, as canny a rascal as you could find in the state. The inside of his cup has never been touched, though he was once immersed in the Mississippi, they say, and swallowed a lot of water."

• • •

Why, that fellow, Funk, they sent to the penitentiary the other day for breaking into the Addicks' house isn't a circumstance to Eldon Parr. He's robbed his tens of thousands, and goes on robbing them right along. By the way, Mr. Parr took most of Addick's money before Funk got his silver."

• • •

There are so many parsons in these days who don't seem to see any inconsistency in robbing several thousand people to build settlement houses and carved marble altars, and who wouldn't accept a Christmas box from a highwayman.

• • •

You want a parson who will stick to his last, not too high or too low or too broad or too narrow, who has intellect without too much initiative . . . and will not get the church uncomfortably full of strangers and run you out of your pews.

• • •

"I don't see what business it is of a clergyman, or of any one else, whether I own property in Dalton street," Mr. Plimpton had said, as he sat on the edge of the lawyer's polished mahogany desk. "What does he expect us to do, —allow our real estate to remain unproductive merely for sentimental reasons? That's like a parson, most of 'em haven't got any more common sense than that. What right has he got to go nosing around Dalton street? Why doesn't he stick to his church?"

• • •

We were learning that there was something infinitely more sacred than property.

• • •

"The Inside of the Cup" is a book worth while. We have carefully reviewed its contents and provided a few of the many sparkling paragraphs to be found between its lids. Like every great book, it leaves us musing and for a practical application we append the thoughts which linger after we have closed the book.

First. The average Christian is sure of the mysteries of religion, but shy on the plain essentials which apply to the duties and responsibilities of daily

life. The things which are necessary are easy to be understood. A noble missionary bishop once said: "There is nothing essential to the gospel of Jesus Christ which cannot be made plain to the dumbest savage in five minutes."

Second. The average Christian is not disposed to question his own theological decisions of twenty years ago. His cranium has become crusty. He would rather make up his mind than unmake it. He would rather believe than think. But men are not saved by "believing," but by thinking and living. In truth the word "Believe" is a compound of being and living—"Be-Live." Know and do. The New Testament phrase includes two things—(1) Thought, (2) Action. Believing is being and living. You only believe so much as you live. Frederick Douglass once remarked, concerning his escape from slavery, "I never believed in liberty until I believed in it with my feet."

Third. The modern Christian is occupied with a new set of toys, such as no former generation ever had. What are they? Material comforts. Fascinating periodicals. Lightning winged cars and carriages. Mechanical wonders. Ocean greyhounds. Ships which pierce the sky and conquer the air. Current events, swift and fast. Great centres of population awhirl during the day and ablaze during the night. The toys of one of the Vanderbilt children were recently insured for \$25,000. Aye, it is a gay and giddy world we are in. Dr. Gre-fell passing along Broadway, in New York, one day remarked: "It is a good deal easier to be a Christian on the bleak, wild coast of Labrador than it is here in New York." Somewhat, we should guess.

Fourth. The average Christian is in the church for what he can enjoy rather than for what he can do. It is easier, in the church, to get money than to get service. A New York merchant said to his pastor: "I will pay, but please do not ask me to work." The surprised preacher said: "Friend, I guess you have got into the wrong church. The church you are looking for is located right around the corner. It is called 'The Church of the Heavenly Rest.' Take your check book and settle over yonder." However, the action of the New York divine was drastic. We have found scores of well dressed Christians who will neither pay nor work. They will neither pay for a seat in the ecclesiastical parlor car or act as stoker behind the boiler.

Fifth. The average Christian is prone to believe that the life and teachings of Jesus Christ cannot be reproduced in daily conduct and personal character. A thousand whisper-

ing voices tell us that to follow Jesus, literally, absolutely and unqualifiedly—is impossible. But it is possible! The church can have power only when it dares to be true to the commands, teachings, example and spirit of her Lord.

Sixth. The average Christian is not disposed to risk much on his own favorite schemes for the world's redemption. When a Methodist conference in England assigned William Booth to an appointment which would mean a regular congregation of about forty persons on Sunday after Sunday, his wife, leaning down over the gallery rail, whispered to him in a determined under tone: "William, don't accept that appointment!" So William Booth went forth into the world to engage in a colossal work of evangelization without a single invitation to point the way and without a dollar in his pocket to pay the current expenses of his home. He was willing to venture something for God. How unusual! But the unusual man achieved an unusual result.

Seventh. The average Christian regards his religion as an accident policy. A splendid thing to have in case of danger. Where is the joy which made the history of the early church so glorious—joy in sacrifice, joy in privation, joy in persecution, joy in exile, joy in martyrdom and joy in the hour of death. May God grant us a gracious revival of religion—and a church crowned with spiritual power.



THE BULLETIN

That Boy of Yours.—I wish you mothers could have been present at the Young Men and Boys Department banquet held last week. When over 100 fellows demonstrated the value of the organized class and department. Each group had its own table, and were responsible for the "good eats" as well as the tasteful decorations. An award was given for the best spread and most tastefully arranged, and this was won by the stone and lumber group, who cheered the announcement of victory to a finish. The award was a double portion of ice cream, and to be served before the other fellows. Not a single fellow turned down the one-third of a brick, while the rest of you looked on with envious eyes, having to be satisfied later on with a smaller portion.

The good effect of the above expressed itself on Sunday last, when we held Decision Day in the school. There is no room to elaborate here, suffice it to say some 79 splendid young lives "lived up" for Jesus Christ. It was a great day, and on Sunday at the communion service, about half of this number will be admitted into the fellowship of the church. Mother and father, if you only knew what this school with staff of consecrated teachers and officers, are prepared to do for you and your boy or girl, you would bring them every Sunday. Attendance last Sunday, 435.

The Christian Endeavor Society invites you to a happy social evening on Monday at 8 o'clock. A bright programme, with every opportunity of enjoying yourself and of meeting some splendid young people awaits you.

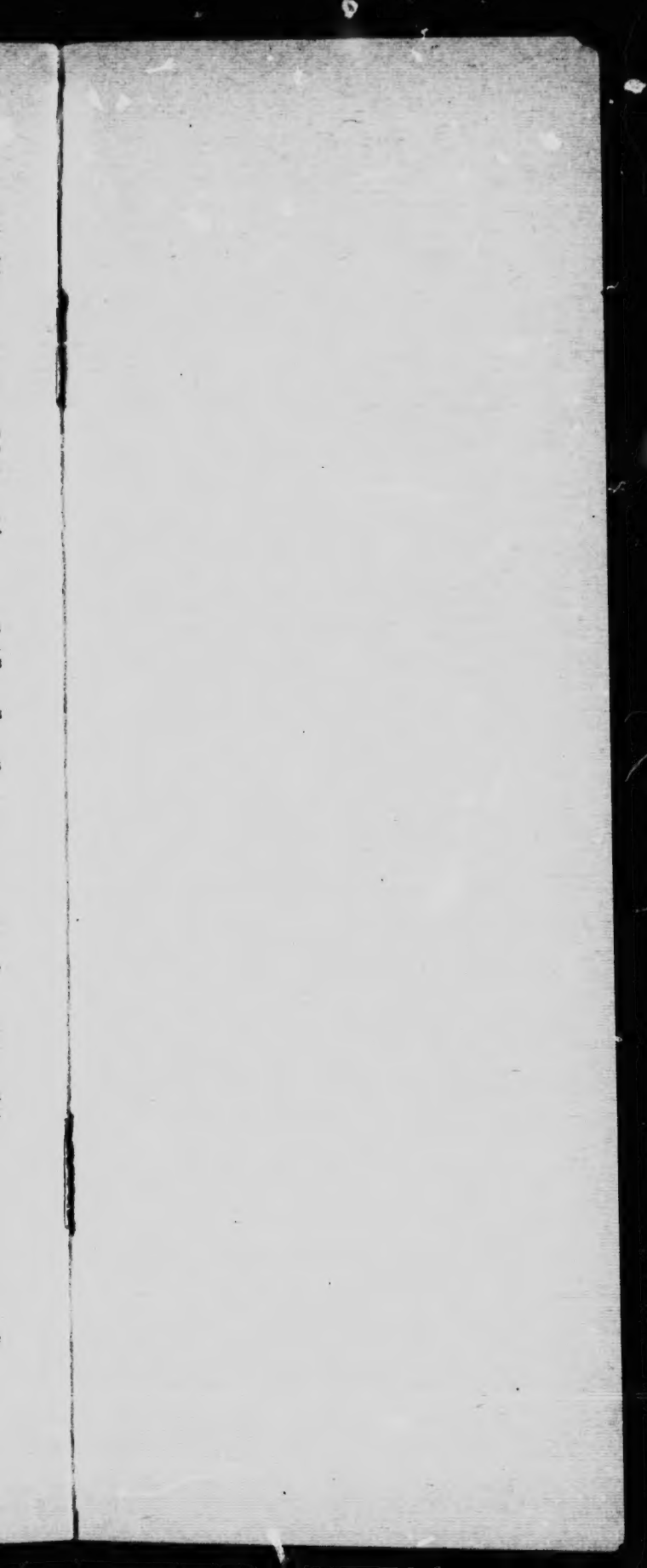
Wednesday the social service will have some special features. We shall hold a kind of special welcome service for the new members, and Mrs. Hamilton, young women's department, will provide refreshments. If you can't make it at 8 o'clock, come as soon after as possible.

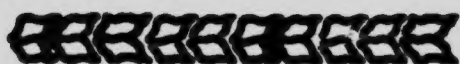
Commander Evans, of the Scott expedition will lecture in the church on Thursday at 8:15. Buy your tickets through our church office, where one of our young men will be in attendance. This will help the funds of the Young Men's department.

We shall hold a baptismal service at the close of next Sunday morning's service. Kindly let us know if you have a little one you wish to have baptized.

ERNEST R. WEEKS,

Associate Pastor.





Great Platform Meeting This Evening

April 12, in Central Church

ADDRESSES BY

DR. GORDON

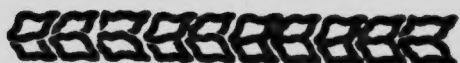
AND

CHARLES STELZLE

The Famous American Author,
Reformer and Christian
Agitator.



DOORS OPEN AT 8:15



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